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The Story of a Mission Church

as told by an American Missionary

"My church is the main edifice of my mission. Built on cathedral proportions, the walls are unfinished, and the upper structure is temporary. It stands just as it was thirty years ago. No additions, no repairs.

"Every brick in the walls was made by a Jesuit lay-Brother. He had been an architect before God called him to serve on the missions. The people fondly remember him, and relate how they used to help him dig the clay, and fetch the firewood with which to bake the bricks. They gave their time vol-

untarily in the construction of the church. Each man gave one day a week; many would work a week at a time. In this way the Brother was able to erect the edifice. In those days rich forests were near by, the timbers were free, and no money was needed.

"It is all changed now. The people must be paid to work that they may buy food. They cannot help it. They pray, of course; they remind me with the confidence of children: 'Padre, today I said many prayers that your friends will finish our church for us.'"

The missionaries ask nothing for themselves. For their churches, their schools, their teachers and catechists they need the help of much money and many prayers. They ask you to give a little, often.



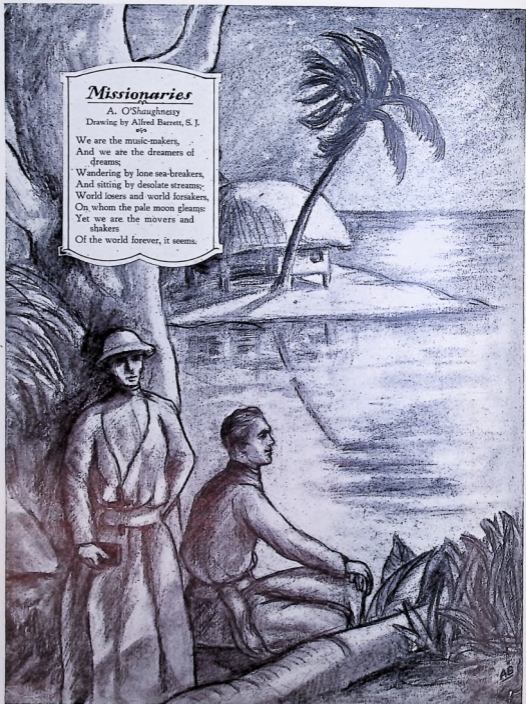
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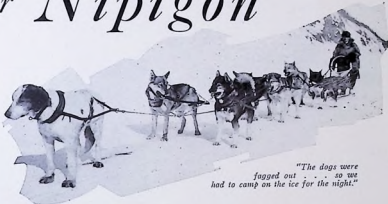
A. O'Shaughnessy
Drawing by Alfred Barrett, S. J.

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of
dreams;
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World losers and world forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and
shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.



Blizzards BLOW over Nipigon

Charles
Bélanger, S. J.
Missionary Superior
at Spanish, Ontario



"The dogs were fagged out . . . so we had to camp on the ice for the night."

WHATE one afternoon when I was stationed at Nipigon Mission, Ontario, a telegram came calling me away on a long sick call. It is not so much the story of the sick person, but rather the account of the trip of over a hundred miles that I wish to give you.

The first forty miles were made by freight train, since the last passenger train in my direction had already gone. It was ten o'clock when I reached Macdiarmid Station where I remained that night. Next morning I said Mass at four o'clock, and then set out for Sand Point Indian Settlement to get the guide who would lead me over the sixty-three miles of trail to the sick person. Unfortunately, my guide was not at home, and it was nine-thirty before he finally reached Sand Point. By late afternoon we had journeyed as far as Lake Nipigon.

WHEN we were out some distance from the shore, a storm blew up. The snowfall was so heavy that we could not even see our lead dog, and the increasing cold nearly froze us stiff. Before long we were wandering aimlessly about. I had been unwise enough to trust in the Indian guide who really had less experience than I had myself. It was too late when I began to take the lead. The dogs were fagged out; and so we had to turn the sleigh over on its side as a protection against the wind, and camp on the ice for the night. The dogs lay down and were soon covered with snow. I had a harder time of it. In opening my pack of blankets I froze one of my fingers. Next I tried to get into my fur sleeping-bag, overcoat and all, but only my legs would fit in. I pulled my cap down as far as I could and tried to get the least uncomfortable position.

Everything went well for a time, though I did not sleep much. I had to get the stiffness out of my fingers without daring to take off my mittens. After work-

ing at this for half an hour, I succeeded in getting the blood to circulate; then my toes began to freeze. I could not reach them with my hands, as my sleeping-bag was too small to allow me to move around much in it. Finally, after some vigorous knocking of one foot against the other, I induced circulation and warmth.

BETWEEN times, I made an act of contrition and prepared for death, for I thought I would never survive the long hours before morning. It was then only ten o'clock. After a while my shoulders became cramped, due to the position in which I was forced to lie. I realized that I was freezing; my teeth were chattering vigorously; and my feet were again getting stiff with cold. Finally, at about three o'clock I decided to break through the snow which had covered my head and was making breathing difficult. But I did not remain standing for very long because the driving snow was fast filling up the sleeping hole that had given me at least a little shelter during the early hours of the night.

THE Lord was good to me, and somehow or other, I managed to keep struggling till morning, with enough warmth to hold consciousness. When five o'clock came, unable to stand the pain in my feet any longer, I got up, searched around for my companion, awakened him and told him that we would have to set out at once.

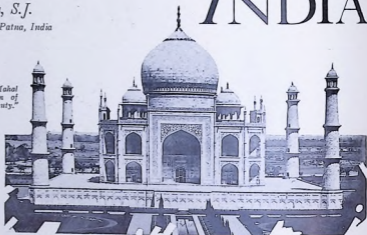
It had seemed to me, as I looked through the driving snow, that I could distinguish an island near by. Leaving all our belongings behind us, except my sick call outfit, portable altar, and some food, we set out with the dogs, and, to our great relief, reached an island an hour later. Once there we lit a fire, and by its warmth were saved from death by freezing.

Hello! Here's INDIA

Marion Batson, S.J.

Missionary at Bettiah, Patna, India

*"That famous Taj Mahal
... is a poem of
architectural beauty."*



RECENT books and articles on India have created quite a vogue among

American readers for Indian impressions. What an American young man thought about India when he arrived there to begin his missionary career is contained in these letters of Mr. Marion Batson, S.J., sent by him to his Jesuit brothers who also have a taste for Indian impressions.

The first letter finds Mr. Batson, S.J., just off the coast of India. It is written, however, from Bankipore, Patna, India.

"Hello! Here's India. You remember I left you somewhere at sea, not very far from Bombay. We had a fine stay in Bombay. I talked to 'green horns' who thought they knew it all and to some old timers who have been here for years. Every conversation

"An Indian fair, . . . and smells by the score."



was interesting and unique. I spent hour upon hour just watching people. The sight never seems to grow weary or boresome, mainly, I guess, because it is so new and strange, and for other reasons that I can only half diagnose now.

"From Bombay we went to Agra. We saw the fort which King Akbar built, and the Taj Mahal. That famous Taj Mahal, of which I've heard so much and never expected to see, is a poem of architectural beauty; you should see it! We had the good fortune to have a bit of a moon, so we stayed around until dark and enjoyed it. How I wish a few of

you idealists were here. I'd have liked to watch your faces as you gazed down that aisle of cypress trees at the majestically mystic pile tinted with the setting sun, and later silvered and made pearly by the moon.

"In the morning we went sightseeing in a victoria, open top, flunky in the rear, one rupee. Next morning we saw Mother Ganges

with her 'National Geographic' horde of patrons 'doing puja' on her sacred shores. I'm going back sometime for a close-up of the things that go on there. At the stations, marvelous brass and ivory works of art could be had 'for a song'. I tried my voice, but it was harsh and had no purchasing value. Father Raymond Mullen, S.J., met us at Dinapore and rode along to Patna where the rest were waiting. Such a welcome! It surely seemed good to meet Americans again who talked our talk and laughed our laugh."

THE second letter is written from the village of Bettiah, the storm center of the Patna Mission.

"We have been doing much biking. I enjoyed most the moonlight ride through Patna City; I stopped at the boat landings along the banks of Mother Ganges, mourned over the dead whose corpses were being cremated there; wound in and around the twists and turns of the village lanes by lantern light, and saw those family gatherings about a tiny fire, singing and happy. Then, night on the veranda overlooking the bazaar where I could see and yet be unseen, and thus enjoy the natives in their natural moods. They are a strange people on the street, stone-faced and serious; but just like any other people when at home, clubby, cranky, happy, morose, gay or serious, all depending on the joys or cares of the day just done.

"We went over to Sonepore last Thursday. What a day! An Indian fair, people by the thousands and smells by the score; elephants, camels, buffaloes, horses, cows, dogs, monkeys, sadhus, juggas, brass-work, tinwork, woodwork, weaving, fruit, lepers, flies, ekkas, ferry boats, all by thousands. The natives come to make puja at the temple. That temple is abominable. Worse than Catherine Mayo said it was. Incidentally, everything I've seen that she described has been about three times worse than she said it was. Only here it's different. In this setting it seems natural."

THE third letter, sent from Our Lady of Victory Mission, gives further impressions about Bettiah.

"Times are certainly interesting over here, but the night particularly so; a flock of jackals do their best to keep up the reputation of the wild country by shrieking and wailing in answer to any noise that breaks the stillness. The Indians have 'lawn-party' every evening, and the distant sound of this eerie chant, the 'tattoo irregulaire' as an accompaniment to the answer of the jackals, plus the hundred and one weird noises near at hand give a touch of the jungle to a 'large evening on Lake Gyhee'. These lawn-parties are held in each village. A small fire is kindled on the front lawn; the villagers range themselves about the fire; drums and flutes furnish the music; the 'young bloods' start things off by showing a new step they learned last evening in some other village. Then some old stalwart, unable to



A Catholic procession in India.

stand the weak-kneed shuffle of the younger generation, rises up and shows them how it really ought to be done.

"I'd give much to have you all over to dinner on native food. I'd like to see you call for more dahl soup, or manage the roast goat. And you should view the conglomerations of vegetables they fix up! There is *chapatty*; it looks like a pancake, thin like wrapping paper and tender and light like an inner-tube. The buffalo butter looks like cold-cream, but I can't say how it tastes for I don't eat butter. The water tastes like diluted 'Lilac du France'; the tea has a 'King Fong' tang to it, so I drink tea, hot, cold or otherwise, in keeping with local etiquette. Now don't think I am complaining about the food; you'd be convinced if you saw me at table. But the meals are experiments, and now that I've passed, I'd like to see someone else go through the process."

From Bettiah again, comes the fourth letter in which we discover some facts about churches and a famous painting of the Madonna. (Turn to page 213)

Sam Jones, Catechist

A homestead
in the
"bush" of
Jamaica,
B. W. I.



David I. Cronin, S.J.

Formerly in Jamaica, B.W.I.

THE greeting, "Fada am come," was on every lip as I drove my Ford up the gravel path leading to the little mission church in the Dry Harbor Mountains of Jamaica, British West Indies. The congregation had been waiting with an impatience bordering on anxiety about an hour or more for my arrival and had almost given up hope that I was coming for the monthly Mass. The heavy tropical rains had delayed me, and my faithful "Henry," who scorned with a deep sense of pride the high, tortuous climbs of the Dry Harbor Mountains, had absolutely balked at swimming the rivers "that were down" as we say in Jamaica, during the rainy season. It was quite late when I reached the church and I had to hurry, as a goodly crowd wanted to go to confession. The angelus was just striking as I started Holy Mass.

While I was taking off my vestments after Mass, a messenger boy handed me a telegram. It read thus: "Sam Jones is dying—come immediately." Looking out through the sacristy door I saw my noble "Henry." We had been good friends for some years. Many a time he stood by me in similar crises, and I was confident that he would prove just as faithful now.

"Henry," I said, "can you take me on this twenty-seven mile ride in speedy time? I must get there, and quickly too, even though the roads are rough and the climbs are high."

"Henry" was deeply chagrined and his reply was curt, "Why question my ability? Did I ever fail you before? Why should I now? Let's go!"

WE were off in a few moments, sorry indeed that we had hurt each other's feelings.

We sped along rapidly; "Henry" never behaved better. I fed in plenty of gas, went around the corners more frequently on two wheels than on four, and paid little or no heed to the signposts that warned us of dangerous curves. We covered the distance in fine time. In fact I was so proud of my "Henry" that I gave him my absolute assurance as I stepped on to the path that led to Sam Jones' hut that I would never distrust him.

As I walked up the path, I was met by Sam's twelve year old son, James, who had been awaiting my arrival.

"James," I said, "is your father very sick?"

His answer was, "Fada, him bad."

I quickened my pace and was soon at Sam's bedside. I saw at once that the angel of death was near. Sam was still conscious, though he was suffering intense pain.

"Fada," Sam said in a low whisper, "me pray hard that you come. God, Him good; Him hear me and make you for to come to poor Sam."

I heard his confession, gave him Holy Viaticum, and after the anointing with the Holy Oils, started the prayers for the dying. As I was saying the invocation, "Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord," Sam raised his head slightly from the pillow and gave a feeble gasp. His noble soul had gone to the good God, whom Sam loved so much and served so well during the long years of his life.

Sam Jones was dead. The mission had lost a noble Christian, an exemplary Catholic, (Turn to page 214)

THE Turn of the Hill



"A few steps from the church is the orphanage"

Charles D. Simons, S.J.
Missionary at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China



WO and one-half feet of chubby humanity bent double, and two almond eyes did their mightiest to form perfect circles. "Ma-ma-wa-ni, Shen-fou," "I look at you, Spiritual Father." It is the ordinary way to say "How do you do Father?" to the priest in China. Then our polite little Chinese scampered off in true boyish fashion, to play at the "Turn-of-the-Hill."

Tou-se-we (The-Turn-of-the-Hill) has no hill today, though it may have had one in ancient times. It is just an ordinary suburban village of Shanghai, though quite extraordinary for all that. If we had known more Chinese, our little friend might have told us a

"At the foundry, too, one has to see the various articles in the different stages"



wonderful story of the famous orphanage of Tou-se-we and that of Sen-mou-yeu, only a stone's throw away. Into these two orphanages, a generation before, were welcomed the youngster's father and mother. There as babies they were received and cared for, instructed and baptized; the father was taught a useful trade, and his mother was shown how to do needle-work, and how to care for the ordinary necessities of a Chinese home. Later as husband and wife they added their home to this little Christian village formed largely of orphans rescued by the Fathers, Sisters and Brothers.

BEFORE the visitor, as he drives along Shanghai's finest avenue, Avenue Petain, in search of Tou-se-we, the two lofty Gothic towers of the church of Zi-ka-wei rise up. He stops for a prayerful visit and beholds the first evidence of the orphans' skill and toil. A score of handcarved wooden altars, a lofty pulpit, saints and angels, chiseled into life, adorn this cathedral of the Orient; while in the sacristy are the

handmade laces, the embroidered vestments and the rich hangings that cover the granite pillars on festive days.

Zi-ka-wei and Tou-se-we are one in fact, and a few steps from the church is the orphanage renowned for its artistic products. There the Chinese orphans make statues of the Sacred Heart, of our Lady, St. Joseph and the Little Flower, all in various sizes and colors; delicately carved crucifixes, picture frames, tables, chairs, cabinets and chests in native and imported (*Turn to page 214*)



"The Ateneo is one of the best staffed, equipped, and instructed institutions on the Islands. A spirit of alertness characterizes its activities."

The FILIPINOS Want to LEARN

Joseph Reith, S. J.

Islands in 1521, and lasting down almost to the time when the United States took them over, Spain gave her missionary priests and friars, her Brothers and Sisters to this great extent of island territory, and endowed them so plentifully that they had little care or worry other than the spiritualities of the increasing millions of inhabitants. Because the missionaries were zealous and self-sacrificing and the people in great part not religiously unresponsive, it was not many years before the Philippine Islands, from the crudity of paganism, became the "Pearl of the Orient," and that which made them pearly was the Catholic Faith.

IT is true, as reported in the *Survey of the Educational System of the Philippine Islands*. (Monroe, 1925, pg. 12) that all through the Spanish regime "educational facilities were provided only for a small favored intelligencia. The Church made some slight provision for the education of the masses; but this education included little beyond the elements of religion." The *Report of the Philippine Commission*. (1903, part 3, pp. 669-73) interprets matters perhaps a bit more sympathetically. It says of the early days: "At this period (1585) education had not reached among European peoples the importance it has now, and it could not be said that even in Spain any considerable portion of the community, high or low, understood how to read or write. The missionaries, therefore, had no idea at first of creating in the Far East an educated people. Their object was to make a good, not a learned, people, and consequently only so much instruction was imparted as was necessary to aid them in their work and to accomplish the purposes they had in view." And of the latter days the Report states: "Until 1863 no attempt whatever was made to put rudimentary instruction within the reach of the great mass of the school population. In 1863 Spain recognized the urgent necessity of giving greater



WAS listening to a missionary who had spent several years in the Philippine Islands and had witnessed especially the work of the American Jesuits in Mindanao and Manila.

"If they put across their plans for parochial schools, they will preserve the Philippine Islands as the only Catholic nation in the Orient; and that, to my mind, is paramount if the Orient is to be won to Christ."

He knew what he was talking about and he was talking forcefully. It struck me that an argument like that deserved forceful talking. If the conversion of the Orient can be hastened by having a Catholic nation right at its front door, and if staunch and universal Catholicity can be kept in the Philippine Islands only by covering the Islands with Catholic schools,—well, for the sake of millions of souls, why shouldn't the schools be put there!

I decided to study the situation. I found out that, starting perhaps fifty years after the discovery of the

educational opportunities to the people of the Islands, and by royal decree made provision for the development and perfection of a proper system of primary instruction."

Although the decree seems not to have become legally effective, the Report continues: "In 1886 . . . 1,052 primary schools for boys and 1,091 for girls had been established, an average of a little more than one school for each sex per pueblo. The enrollment did not average more than forty or fifty pupils to the school. Christian doctrine, reading, writing, some historical geography, addition, subtraction, and multiplication usually marked the limits of primary instruction."

IN 1898, came the Spanish-American War; and, by the Treaty of Paris, for twenty millions of dollars the United States took the Philippines. With the American flag waving on high, it was not long before it was common talk on the Islands that "of course, America is a Protestant country and every good American is a Protestant"; and "of course, the public school is the thing." I suppose that it was inevitable that the American public school system would be introduced into the Philippine Islands. But when along with the system came that very close linking up of the two "of courses" then, began the harm.

Remember that there were seven million people then in the Philippine Islands and "at the time of the American occupation nine-tenths were professed adherents to the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church" (*The Philippine Islands*, Forbes, Vol. II, pg. 55). And when to the other defects of the godless public school system as we have it in America there is added the fact that, in spite of the best intentions of the Government, the majority of the American teachers that came into the

Children of Father Hayes' parochial school at Cagayan.



Catholic dormitories and school at Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I. Many more of these are needed.

Islands were not Catholics, (in 1902 there were 926 American teachers, about twenty-one per cent of the entire teaching staff of the Island. *Report of the Philippine Commission*, 1902, pg. 870.), we see that the Catholic students were not unexposed to danger. The secondary schools, too, located mainly in the larger cities, drew their students from simple home influences. Here they were exposed, if not in the class room, at least in the dormitories, to the proselytizing efforts of the Protestant missionaries who made and still make gain of its unique position.

AND so it happened that when the American Catholic missionaries began to go into the Philippine Islands, they started out immediately to show that America is not a Protestant country at all, and to offer schools that besides giving wisdom acknowledged the Author of all wisdom.

You can imagine what a problem these priests who had not resources enough for themselves were taking upon themselves. Mindanao alone is as big as Pennsylvania and has a population of 1,175,000. I suppose that any bishop would call it a big task if he had to supply schools almost over night for a diocese the size of Mindanao; and this island has now only one tenth of the population of the whole archipelago. Altogether there are 1,500,000 Filipino children at school and of these only 75,000 at most, or five per cent, are in Catholic schools.

IT is not a question of supplying merely any sort of build-
(Turn to page 214)

In the Shadow of Mt. Fuji

C. A. Robinson, S.J.

Formerly at Tokio University, Japan



Famous Mount Fuji, Japan.

reaction, not in favor of Catholicity, but in favor of Shintoism, or the so-called State religion, and with the reaction may come an overt persecution of Christians.

Another truism tells us that education forms public opinion. This is only half true, and depends for its half-truth on the meaning given to the word, education. Education in this pagan land is a mixture of instruction and sentiment. Instruction in the primary schools is imbued with Shintoism; in the middle schools, it may be Shintoistic or Buddhistic; and in the universities, it is in general rationalistic. As a result, the common people are Buddhists, not out of conviction, but by tradition; while the university graduates are frequently atheists, and some of them bolshevists.



KIOTO, a capital of Japan in former times, has a population of only 600,000, but it boasts no less than 1,000 Buddhist temples without counting the numerous Shinto shrines. This temple city is not a reason, but a fact, oppos-

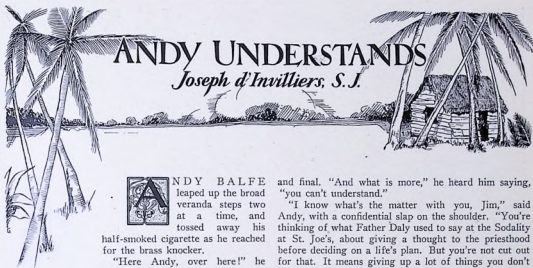
ing the spread of Catholicity. Japan is priest-ridden, but the priests in question are not Catholic.

As G. K. Chesterton might say, if he hasn't already said it: "Most truisms are false." For example, the Japanese say: "The Emperor is absolute." As a matter of fact Japan has a deliberative assembly which decides all measures according to public opinion. But public opinion in Japan has been formed by the Buddhists. It was the Buddhists who succeeded in defeating the proposal to enter upon full diplomatic relations with the Vatican. Public opinion is beginning to realize the fact. With the full realization will come a

SENTIMENT however, comes to the aid of the Japanese. Rationalism certainly attacks the myth of the divinity of the Emperor. (Turn to page 215)

Striking the gigantic bell of the temple.





ANDY BALFE leaped up the broad veranda steps two at a time, and tossed away his half-smoked cigarette as he reached for the brass knocker.

"Here Andy, over here!" he heard from the far end of the porch where Jim Thomson was reclining in an easy chair.

"Hello, Jim!" saluted Andy. "Why the brown study? What's the use of spoiling your whole vacation moping over trifles?"

"Trifles, Andy?" Jim smiled. "Trifling? Andy, you're a good guesser, sometimes."

"Oh I know what you are thinking about, Jim, and it's a waste of time. You know well enough there's only one college for you, and still you keep thinking of that Catholic college. Stearns is the only place for us, Jim."

"Wrong, Andy! Wrong all around."

"Oh well, if you want to keep it to yourself, go ahead! But—"

"But you haven't asked me yet, you know. I'm ready to tell you, though. It's the seminary."

"What? The seminary? Jim, don't be absurd. Why—!" His laugh rang loud and clear. "You a seminarian; you? Say have you forgotten how to play football? And what about the other sports, and the dances and theatres, and—oh that reminds me, I've tickets for the Garrick this afternoon; but I guess I'll have to go alone." And with a quick impulsive gesture he took up his hat, and turned toward the broad stone steps.

"Andy, you're as impulsive as ever," cried Jim after him. "But you're a half hour early. You wouldn't have me bolt out and go down town without a hat, would you?"

"I knew it!" Andy grinned. "I knew you would come. You're only a dreamer, Jim. Don't mind my saying so, but you always were. It's good you have me around to wake you out of it. But let's start."

JIM didn't mention the seminary again that afternoon; but when they parted, it was Andy who recalled it. "Say, Jim, about that idea of yours."
"Andy, you don't understand." Jim's tone was firm

and final. "And what is more," he heard him saying, "you can't understand."

"I know what's the matter with you, Jim," said Andy, with a confidential slap on the shoulder. "You're thinking of what Father Daly used to say at the Sodality at St. Joe's, about giving a thought to the priesthood before deciding on a life's plan. But you're not cut out for that. It means giving up a lot of things you don't have to, and making yourself miserable in some backwoods, twenty miles from nowhere. And say, Jim, before I start for Stearns this fall, I'm going to spend a few weeks up in the Maine woods, and by the end of August I'll expect a letter telling me you will join me."

THE summer months glided by; August had almost gone. On the morning of the 29th, a letter from Jim to Andy had reached the camp in the Maine woods. That same morning Jim stood on the veranda, suit-case in hand. His mother was bidding her son goodbye, as though he were bound on a long journey, her eyes glistening with tears that just wouldn't be kept back.

"You will write, Jim, often," she whispered.

"Often, mother," he said, "yes, often," and he fondly embraced her.

* * *

THE blazing tropical sun slipped slowly beyond the hills, a crimson ball of glory with streamers of red and purple shooting across the sky in slender, tapering lines. In the midst of a silent wilderness stood a rough board house. Inside was the middle-aged man of God straight and tall. A far-off, reminiscent look was in his eyes. This morning was the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination, and his thoughts wandered back over the past. The years of his mission work in the Island of Iloilo seemed but a day; yet what a consolation they had been! He saw the hundreds of natives whom he had kept firm in the heritage of Faith that had been fast slipping from their grasp; the souls he had prepared for death, robbing them in the whiteness of Justice to meet their Master and Judge. Back, back his thoughts went, down the days, and no day darkened by regret. He breathed a prayer to the gentle Queen of Heaven that it was thus. It might have been so different, he thinks, so terribly different. And if it had, what would have become of the souls that he had helped on their way home to Heaven? (Turn to page 216)



Father Lucas, S. J., in Mindanao, P. I.

The AMERICA

Mission

Joseph P. ...

inflamm the entire world," down to this present hour, there has been this long black line of Jesuit missionaries filing by the tabernacle of Christ to every remote and forbidding harvest field.

Five Saints, ninety-five Blessed, forty-six Venerables and one hundred and fifteen Servants of God is the remarkable record of the missionaries of the Society of Jesus. Clearly, these men were not out to sanctify others at their own expense. St. Francis Xavier, St. Peter Claver, Blessed Andrew Bobola, Blessed Edmund Campion, Blessed Rudolph Aquaviva, Blessed Isaac Jogues, Venerable Joseph Anchieta and the rest—from Alaska to Patagonia and from Rome back to Rome, their labors were phenomenal and their sanctity heroic.

INTO such a high heritage, in recent years, have come the American Jesuits with characteristic American initiative and enterprise. True and faithful to their antecedents, they are giving to their missions the energy of Xavier and the sanctity of Peter Claver. It is not a small thing that in less than ten years American Jesuits, almost without previous mission experience, have been put in complete charge of a mission in Patna, India, with their own bishop elevated from their own ranks. And it is not to be un-

IF the American Jesuits were to put forward as their slogan: "One thousand American Jesuits in the foreign mission field in the next twenty-five years," there would perhaps be some wonderment at this apparently new interest in the missions. "Have they changed their constitutions? Have they given up education? Have they become a mission institute?" These and similar questions might be asked wherever the Jesuits and the missions are topics of interest.

As a matter of fact, the slogan of all American Jesuits is: "As many American Jesuits as possible in the home and foreign missions and if more than one thousand are sent, so much the better." In this there is no change from the Jesuit constitutions. Rather, it means that the old fire and esprit de corps and all the principles and practices of the Society of Jesus from the beginning are still asserting themselves powerfully.

Ponder a few minutes. What did St. Ignatius first intend as the purpose of the little band of zealous men he was forming? Here are the words of the tentative draft of his constitutions: "If we cannot go to the Turks, then we are ready to go to the infidels of the Indies or of the Americas and to heretics or schismatics, or to work among those of the Faith." It is fairly clear from this what Ignatius and his followers were eager for. They wanted to bring over the Mohammedans first of all; and also all others who had never heard the name of Christ. In brief, they were willing to go anywhere; but, the greater glory of God being the same, they would prefer to labor for Christ in His more difficult and more neglected vineyards. And Ignatius did not change his mind. The final draft of the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus, solemnly approved and confirmed by the Pope, reasserts that Jesuits are for any mission where God's greater glory may be attained.

TO this zealous fact the 2,500 Jesuit priests and Brothers on the foreign missions, and the 1,350 on the home missions bear eloquent testimony. Out of every eight foreign missionaries one is a Jesuit, and Jesuit missionaries are the most numerous of all on the missions. From universities and astronomical observatories to dispensaries and leper colonies, there is no phase of Catholic activity that they have neglected. They are found in every land, in thirty-eight sectors scattered over the globe. From the day when Ignatius of Loyola said to Francis Xavier: "Go and



Foreign Missions

1. Alaska (American); 2. Rocky Mountains (American); 3. St. 6. Turahwana; 7. Belize (American); 8. Jamaica (American); 9. Marshall Islands; 12. Albania; 13. Syria; 14. Egypt; 15. Congo; 16. 20. Reunion and Mauritius; 22. Bombay-Poona; 23. Goa-Cam 28. Calcutta; 29. Patna (American); 30. Shensi; 31. Nanking C. Hiroshima; 31.

N JESUITS as

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errick, S. J.

of the archipelago rests with the American Jesuits in the Ateneo of Manila. Perhaps so long have these same American Jesuits been in Jamaica, B. W. I., in Alaska, in Belize, British Honduras, and among the Indians of the plains that their zealous work is taken for granted and left occasionally unheralded. An enthusiastic appreciation of the new mission of the American Jesuits in China ought to be forthcoming, therefore, to atone for the unintentional shadowing of the old. To a total of over three hundred Americans and Canadians is given the privilege of winning for the North American Jesuits a crown of zeal such as that which has already been placed on the brow of their fellow-missionaries of Europe.

THE objective, the end and purpose, which the Jesuit missionaries set before themselves as they inaugurate a new mission section, may be stated in broad terms as the formation of a com-

noticed that one-tenth of the whole population of the Philippine Islands, and consequently one-tenth of the responsibility of the

preservation of these islands to the Faith, is entrusted to the American Jesuits in Mindanao, while a great measure of the lustre of the higher Catholic education



Father Creane, S. J., in Patna, India.

munity, whether in Asia, Africa, Europe, America or Oceania, every phase of whose daily activity is permeated with Catholicity and whose hierarchy is native, bold and intelligent. It is not merely to convert this or that pagan to Christianity, but it is to take a cross section of pagan life and make it thoroughly Catholic from core to

surface.

To accomplish this purpose the missionaries strive to have primary and secondary parochial schools wherever they are needed in the mission, if possible, in every parish; to obtain teaching and nursing Sisters to conduct the schools and to offer medical assistance; to win the confidence and good-will of the people by improving sanitation and elevating the standards of living; to build churches and to form a native clergy to administer them properly; to enhance Catholic education by erecting observatories and scientific institutes of reputation; to found universities in the strategic centres of their missions. For all this there must be missionaries ready to take up the most humiliating as well as the most cultural work of the missions with equal love and abandon.

A DISTINCTIVE training is somewhat necessary for work of such varied character. This training is, of course, fundamental in any mission program, for without it none of the objectives will be obtained. Virtue, learning, health—they are not new realities, but the possession of the first two by a missionary is indispensable and of the third, almost invaluable. With regard to virtue, fifteen years of training and testing according to the principles of our Lord are certainly all that can be humanly asked of any organization. A Jesuit is in training and under inspection until he is over thirty years old and learns to conform his will and judgment to the will and judgment of the superior in all that is not sin. It is likewise well attended to that the Jesuit missionary has a mental equipment on a par with or superior to that of the more cultured natives and to that of the sectarian ministers who frequent the missions. His health, too, must be good and his nerves in splendid condition, for it is easier to be a chronic invalid at home than, for instance, in Zambesi.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER underwent practically this arduous testing at the hands of St. Ignatius, and he became the greatest missionary since the days of
(Turn to page 216)



assigned to Jesuits

1. Mats (American); 2. Canadian Indian Mission; 3. Casighnawap; 4. Guiana; 5. Philippines (American); 6. Caroline, Marianna, Newber Hill; 7. Salisbury; 8. Cape Colony; 9. Tenasserim; 10. Fianarantana; 11. Mangalore-Calicut; 12. Trichinopoly; 13. Galle; 14. Tricoveler; 15. Wata; 16. Auking; 17. Huaitze; 18. Stenkolien; 19. Tobolsk; 20. Hong Kong.

FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS

PATNA, INDIA

BISHOP BERNARD J. SULLIVAN, S.J., of Bankipore, Patna, India, sends in the following letter to himself from a convert, in the hope that it may edify and make clear how hard is progress in numbers in the Patna Mission:

"Say, I have my swims in the sacred Ganges now, and never even think of that 'Mississolopi.' When I was at Bhagalpore with FATHER FRANCIS STOV, S.J., he and I used to indulge in our daily dozen regularly and were never bitten by a crocodile, though they are

porarily his headquarters are with BISHOP BERNARD SULLIVAN, S.J., at Bankipore, Patna District.

FATHER JAMES CREANE, S.J., missionary to the Santals, while still resting in the hill country, is eager to get down to his work on the plains.

FATHER EDWARD O'LEARY, S.J., who gave his brethren and his flock some anxious hours when the attending medical men insisted upon an operation for appendicitis and complications, and that with the thermometer at 110 degrees in the shade, is steadily improving, and a speedy recovery seems assured. The doctors now discover that the principal trouble was typhoid!

FATHER JOHN KILIAN, S.J., formerly in charge of Victoria Mission, is back from the hospital and is resting at Chuhari, after seven weeks of paratyphoid. But he isn't resting too much, for true to form, he could not wait till he was sitting up in bed before he called for his Santal grammar. He is looking forward to apostolic work among the Santals just as soon as he has strength to get around. His work at Ghyree (Victoria Mission) has been taken over by FATHER CHARLES MILLER, S.J., who is pushing forward energetically the works launched by his predecessor.



Bishop B. Sullivan, S.J., views his Patna Mission from a fancy carriage.

"You will rejoice to learn that your parting blessing on me has not been in vain, although my family has spurned the Gospel. Some four or five Mohammedan young men showed some sympathy for our Faith but in three cases my hopes were nipped in the bud by the fierce action taken by their relations. One of two remaining cases, a young man of twenty-five, is now staying with me and I am instructing him. The parish priest has agreed to baptize him before long. The other is a youth of eighteen. He is still at school, but is so ardent in his desire to embrace the true Faith that during December last he actually quit his house. I managed to lodge him in a seminary but he was hunted down and brought back. Because the boy belonged to an influential family, the leading lawyers and officials united in a protest. For over a week mobs of Mohammedans were lying in ambush to do me or my friends some bodily harm. My family offered a reward of Rs. 2000 to anyone who could have me shot to death."

numerous around this part of the world. That old Ganges just teems with life, human and marine, for the natives think it is the most sacred thing that God ever made. Here at Kurji, the river Ganges, has got so far away from the shore, that I have not been in for a dip, since my arrival, two weeks ago."

Another sextet of young and energetic missionaries leaves the Missouri and Chicago Provinces this month, en route to Patna Mission. They are: Father George Dertinger, S.J., and the Messrs. Charles Bennet, S.J., Richard Mehren, S.J., Marshall Moran, S.J., John Morrison, S.J., and Richard Wolfe, S.J. The journey by sea and land takes some five or six weeks, so it will be near Thanksgiving Day when the new recruits are welcomed by their American brethren who are already at work in the land of Hindus and Mohammedans.

Patna's sick missionaries are all on the way to recovery. The mission could ill afford to lose any of its valiant workers.

FATHER PETER SONTAG, S.J., seems fully recovered and has taken up his new work as Superior of the mission. Tem-



Father Aloysius Robaut, S.J., founder of Holy Cross Mission, Alaska.

FATHER LEON A. FOSTER, S.J., now of Kurji, P. O. Digba Ghat, E. I. Ry., India, but once of a city that borders the Mississippi writes:

ALASKA MISSIONS

FATHER ALOYSIUS ROBAUT, S.J., is still quite active after more than forty years of missionary life in the north. During all this time the Father has never been outside of Alaska. One of the first Jesuit missionaries to set foot on Alaskan soil, Father Robaut experienced all the

complished much good for the Eskimo during all these many years. He is still ready to cheer the younger missionary who spends many days on the trail, and has to face severe hardships. But one phase of the modern missionary's career is an improvement over the old, namely the moderately cheerful headquarters.



A missionary in Jamaica, Father Francis Kempel, S.J.

privations accompanying the foundation of mission stations in the frozen north. He was sent with Father Tosi, S.J., as companion to the zealous Archbishop Seghers, when the latter left Oregon to evangelize Alaska. After the murder of the saintly prelate, Father Robaut was left alone for one winter in Alaska, while his companion hurried back to the States to bring the sad news and to receive instructions on the future of the Alaskan missions. The following winter, Father Robaut nearly lost his life through a complication of typhoid fever and pneumonia, but God spared him for many years of apostolic work. What those winters in the north meant in the early days may be gathered from a page written by the good lay-Brother who was the missionary's companion.

Finding it impossible to stand the smoke and confinement and lack of privacy of the native *casine* any longer, the two sought other quarters. "Finally," narrates the Brother, "we heard news that across the river was an abandoned cabin. We went there; it was full of snow and of white frost. There was no door, no window except a hole, no stove. Father decided it would be better than the *casine*. So we kicked the snow out, scratched out the white frost, nailed a flour bag over the hole for a window. Then we went out for some wood. We found a big flat rock about three feet square, which we used for a stove. For a lamp we had a clay cup filled with seal oil, with a rag for a wick. The lamp was so bad that we could not use it very much, and Father Robaut used to open the door of the 'furnace' (our small stone stove) to read his breviary."

Those were pioneer days with difficulties at hand at every turn. Father Robaut survived them all and has ac-

INDIAN MISSIONS

FATHER LEO CUNNINGHAM, S.J. of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S.D., writes the praises of a Sioux catechist: "I traveled out to Porcupine Station over the thirty-two miles of trail. It was the first Sunday of the month, my regular time for this station. A short time before I had appointed Jim Grass, Jr., as catechist at Porcupine. What a difference! Jim and his wife cleaned out the church and dusted it and had everything in readiness. I was sorry early Sunday morning to see that we were in for an all day rain. I hardly expected to have anyone for Mass. But I had forgotten to figure on the zeal of my new catechist. He had been actively preparing my people for this monthly Mass. The largest crowd of Indians that I have had at this chapel for many, many

months came through the mud and drizzling rain in time for Confession and Holy Mass.

"My catechist helped me in many ways during the morning. He saw to it that everyone had his prayer book. While I was vesting he recited the morning prayers. He led in the Mass prayers and in the singing. After I read the Gospel in English he read it in Sioux. Already he has spoken to a number of my stray sheep and is planning for our visit to their homes. At present Jim and his wife and little girl are living in a tent. If kind friends come to my assistance I hope to build him a two-room house before the Fall.

"On the afternoon of May 18, my catechist and I climbed to the top of a hill at Porcupine and decided on a spot for a grotto of Our Lady of the Hills. I carried a small statue of our Lady with me. We put this on the hills and placed some stones and flowers around it. We then sang some hymns and prayed. I looked down in the valley and saw the Indian tents and huts and Indian moving figures. My thought was that our Blessed Mother would bless and guard these poor lowly children and bring them near her Divine Son. I hope to have a beautiful grotto some day."

FATHER JOSEPH CADOT, S.J., missionary among the Indians of Cape Croker, in the land rendered sacred by the blood of five of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America, has given twenty-five years of his life to the welfare of the Indian. In September, 1904, Father Cadot first came to Cape Croker, and has been at the mission ever since. He has won the Indians in such a way that they regard him in a true sense as their father.

Night after night, the Indians enter the missionary's home, and after a simple greeting go to the reading room prepared for them. Here they read or chat or play. Those who have questions to ask, consult Father Cadot respectfully, and go away happy, convinced that the good Father was most anxious to see and help



At St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, Chief Bear Dog and his family entertain visitors. Father Joseph Zimmerman, S.J., Superior of St. Francis Mission (right); Father T. J. McDonnell, Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, New York (center); Father William J. Flynn, Secretary General of the Marquette League, New York (right).

them. Father Cadot uses these meetings with his people to instruct them in their Faith.

The mission is happy in celebrating another twenty-fifth anniversary this September, namely, that of the arrival of Miss Moffat. This good lady has given her time and energy all these years to the education and instruction of Indian boys and girls at Cape Croker. She is known and loved all over the reservation. Many an Indian housekeeper, tradesman or member of the Cape Croker Brass Band owes the greater part of his or her success to Miss Moffat. Her influence is everywhere felt, and every evening you will see young Indian girls or young mothers of families going to talk things over with their old counselor and friend. Surely, Miss Moffat has had a wonderful and far-reaching influence over the younger generation at Cape Croker.

SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS

The Reverend P. A. RYAN, S.J., writes from Rock Hill, South Carolina: "My most sanguine anticipations regarding the small towns and rural districts of the South already have been more than realized. When Bishop Walsh of Charleston sent me into the Rock Hill mission section of his diocese, now more than three months ago, he told me that his heart was in this work, because his own experiences on the Albany missions of Georgia had convinced him of the need of pushing the outposts of the Church in the South beyond the larger cities and into the smaller communities.

"Everywhere I meet falling away and fallen away Catholics and little more than a friendly word is needed to lead them back. The point made in Richard Reid's thought-provoking article in your July-August issue is impressively illustrated in the town where I make my headquarters. The principal of the public high school is named Sullivan; the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. is an O'Hare; the postmaster a Barrett; the public health nurse a McCune and so on, all non-Catholics. It is safe to say that the grandparents, if not the parents of all these were Catholics.

"One hopeful sign is the great respect accorded the priest by the intelligent non-Catholics, and the keen interest taken by those who are not actively associated with any church, in the Catholic literature I am circulating. Two Sundays ago a gentleman came to me after Mass to say: 'Father from a careful reading of your pamphlets I am convinced that I, and my family are out of the Catholic Church on account of a religious revolt in England four hundred years ago. My wife and I would like to join those who are being instructed by you and have our six children taken into your Sunday school.'

"This is a great field, but too long neglected. Unfortunately, no financial provision has been made to help the missionary to carry on."

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



VEN. THOMAS GARNET, S.J.

VENERABLE THOMAS GARNET was one of that noble band of seventeenth-century Jesuits to whom it was given to glorify the mission history of England by a martyr's crown. Three times he suffered imprisonment for the Faith before he was finally put to death on June 23, 1608, at Tyburn in his thirty-fourth year.

After ordination to the priesthood at Valladolid, Spain, in 1599, he hastened to take up his work on the English Mission. He says: "Returning to England, I wandered from place to place, to reduce souls which went astray and were in error as to the knowledge of the true Catholic Church."

During the excitement caused by the Gunpowder Plot in 1605, he was arrested and imprisoned in London Tower, where he was severely handled in an attempt to make him give evidence against Father Henry Garnet, S. J., his uncle, Superior of the English Jesuits at the time. Deported after months to Flanders, he made his way to the Jesuits at Brussels and later to Louvain. In September, 1607, he was sent back to England, only to be arrested six weeks later by an apostate. When asked to save his life by taking the Oath of Supremacy in favor of King James, he replied that he would not take it to save five thousand lives. On reaching the gallows, he kissed it in a transport of joy, declaring that this was the happiest day of his life.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
From Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I.,
FATHER THOMAS J. MURRAY, S.J.,
writes:

"This month I am going to the country of the Subanos, a tribe of some 20,000 souls practically all pagan. I understand they are very well disposed to Christianity. At present we cannot send a priest to work regularly among them, but I plan to bring two of them back with me and will educate them in our new high school for catechists, so that when we can spare a priest he will have some helpers. A doctor who works among them and who is a Knight of Columbus has been looking after these two boys up to the present. He will send me four more next year and more each succeeding year. He will thus build up a nucleus for a future church."

The part of a good pastor is being played by FATHER ANDREW HOPMAN, S.J., at Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I. He sees the work close at hand and is endeavoring to defend his flock.

"The Protestants break forth at every vacation season. Each year the numbers attending their convention at Camp Keithley increase. They do not make much noise but they have the money to back up native preachers. There is a college on one of the islands, centrally located in the Visayan Group. The tuition is very reasonable and scholarship high. Year after year the school grows in reputation. The openly expressed policy of the American faculty is to Christianize (sic) the Filipino and release him from the obligations of a blind faith. I believe they are succeeding, too, according to their ideas. The Y. M. C. A. also held a meeting at the Baguio of Mindanao. They provide games and amusements with their Bible classes."

Progress is being marked at Mount Carmel Rectory, Talisayan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I. FATHER ALFRED F. KIENLE, S.J., is winning friends for Christ by his happy disposition and earnest labor:

"With two altar boys I started on the launch *La Fortuna* for a town about thirty miles away, in order to attend a fiesta, or celebration in honor of the patron saint of the place. While there I lived in an abandoned convent which might be called 'La Misfortuna,' because it was certainly a wreck. It served its purpose very well, after it had been swept and supplied with a few hastily borrowed and very necessary furnishings. I prayed for fair weather, when I saw the roof; but the Lord sent rain in goodly measure, and raised my average a few points in the art of dodging leaks.

"At ten A.M. the next day, I started baptizing and when I finished at three P.M. there were eighty-two new members of the Catholic Church; twenty-five were added the next day, making a total of one hundred and seven. We adminis-



New missionary priests in the Philippines. Fathers Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., Henry L. Irwin, S.J., John Pollock, S.J.

ter the Sacrament individually with all the salt, anointings, candles, and white cloths that the ritual prescribes, to say nothing of all the book keeping. I can't say that I was not tired, but I do say that I was very happy, the Lord takes care of that part of the program.

"Our school will be opening the first week in June, and then financial worries will be added to our other work, because as you are well aware, our teachers must be paid every month. Did I tell you that our church roof is leaking as much if not more than it used to, and it will get steadily worse until we can replace it? Contributions will be most gratefully welcomed—the larger they are, the greater the welcome, and the more water they will keep out."

* * *

While the Fathers are taking care of the souls of their charges, BROTHER EDWARD J. BAUERLEIN, S.J., is caring for the bodily welfare of the Fathers at Tagalooan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I. He writes:

"By the time this letter reaches you, a whole year will have passed since I left the States, and I will have been here in Tagalooan over ten months. I have had a very busy ten months, doing the various tasks assigned me. Looking after the house and grounds, cooking and baking, sewing, painting, helping with the church records, and a few other odds and ends help to fill the busy day.

"The buying goes with the cooking. Here we have no meat market, or for that matter any kind of market at which you or I would care to purchase. At the markets we have, the meat is already cooked and perhaps handled a dozen times before it is purchased, and it is mostly pig. Once in a while we do get a piece of beef. Usually an old Ford touring car makes its appearance at the convento, and, with much ado and shouting, the word 'carne' reaches our ears. There, dangling from the upper part of the hood, are perhaps two legs of beef.

Of course the choice cuts are gone or they would not come to the convento.

"Fish and vegetables are peddled somewhat differently. Usually women come around with large galvanized basins on their heads with fish. With these women you have to bargain, as they always double the price for the Americans. Much of the fish over here is of finer quality than in the States. The tulingan, about the size of a salmon, when baked in the oven is better than a roast, and 'leftovers' make a good salad. Potatoes and onions grown in China and Japan can be purchased in the more distant market, also canned goods of almost every description. Some few vegetables can be grown here in the school garden, as string beans, eggplant and tomatoes; but they are of the dwarf variety."



Brother John Jacoby, S.J., gives first aid treatment to Mr. Robert L. McCormack, S.J., in the infirmary of St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras.

BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS

A closed retreat for men was given for the first time in the history of the mission, in early June at St. John's College, Belize. So popular did the venture prove that a second retreat for another group was organized as soon as the first had closed. Closed retreats for men will be an annual feature for Belize Catholics.

* * *

A pressing moral problem has been partly solved by a unique church society in Belize, where, as in other parts of Central America, the young people's morals are exposed to grave dangers by poverty and unemployment. Under the direction of FATHER JAMES A. PREUSS, S.J., the "Catholic Young Women's Sewing Guild" has been established and equipped to manufacture ready-made clothing which is marketed through the Guild. Charitable friends in America and in Belize are assisting Father Preuss in promoting the work.

* * *

His Lordship, BISHOP JOSEPH MURPHY, S.J., visited the offices of JESUIT MISSIONS and brought the news of his new ventures in Belize. At the risk of running heavily into debt, it was thought advisable to purchase a new plot of ground from the Belize Estate and Produce Company. Two good buildings of moderate size are on the plot purchased. One will be used as a boys' school; the other will be a sort of sodality center, with chapel, library and committee rooms. In addition to these two buildings, a third is being erected as a social-hall for the entertainment of Belize folks, especially the young. The firm from which the property was purchased has kindly donated sixteen fine mahogany logs for building purposes.



MONUMENT ERECTED TO MARQUETTE

To mark the spot where Father James Marquette, S.J., first entered what is now the State of Illinois, in the lowlands near the present mouth of the Illinois River, an imposing monument has been erected. The monument, built in the form of a cross on a ledge of the bluffs, is the gift of Mr. H. H. Ferguson of Alton, Illinois.

On September first, the quiet spot on the Illinois was the scene of the solemn dedication of the monument. People came by river boat, by train and by auto to witness the impressive ceremonies. Rt. Rev. J. A. Griffin, D.D., Bishop of Springfield, celebrated the Pontifical High Mass and dedicated the monument. Father F. Siedenburg, S.J., of Loyola University, Chicago, preached the sermon. In Mr. Ferguson's name, the monument was formally presented to the State by Mr. John Mc-Adams of Alton, and accepted by His Excellency, the Governor of Illinois.

PAPAL VISITOR PRAISES BLACK CATHOLICS

His Excellency, Bishop Arthur Hinsley, Papal Visitor to Catholic schools in the British colonies of the so-called Dark Continent, has this to say of the colored Catholics he has seen on a journey of 20,000 miles:

"Our Holy Father the Pope has no more enthusiastic subjects than his black children in Africa. By Zululand and Basutos in South Africa, by Matabele and Mashonas in Southern Rhodesia, by the varied tribes of Northern Rhodesia especially in Banguelo, by the primitive inhabitants of the Livingstone Mountains in Southern Tanganyika and throughout the

whole of that territory, by united members of forty tribes of Kenya, and most of all by tens of thousands of converts in the Uganda Protectorate,—from multitudinous tribes of manifold tongues,—the Visitor Apostolic was received with unbounded welcome as the representative of the great *Baba Mukatihi*, the great father and chief of the Catholic Church. On the railway platform or by the side of the highway, as well as at the mission

AMERICANS TO EDUCATE CHINESE SISTERHOODS

Seven Sisters of Providence of St. Mary's-of-the-Woods, Indiana, whose efforts two years ago to open up a novitiate for Chinese nuns of the educated class were interrupted by the war in China, are about to make another attempt at their original task. The little group came to China in re-

sponse to an appeal from Bishop Taccouti of Kaifeng, Honan, China. Each girl entering the new novitiate located at Kaifeng must be a graduate of a school with government recognition. On finishing at Kaifeng these Chinese Sisters will come to the United States for further studies at the splendidly appointed Sisters' training school at St. Mary's-of-the-Woods. The Sisters' efforts deserve the prayers of our readers.



Fr. Louis de Garcia, S.J., in China.

stations and out-schools, they proclaimed their joyous greetings to the Pope, and sang their hymns to Jesus and His Blessed Mother." (P. S.)

GIVES RETREAT TO MARYKNOLL SISTERS

Father Louis de Garcia, S.J., a Portuguese, loves America. It is the land of his adoption where the holy oils of Ordination were poured upon his hands. He is now at Shihuing, West River via Hongkong, China:

"I just came back from Hongkong where I gave an eight days retreat to the Maryknoll Sisters (twenty of them, all Americans). Every moment of the retreat was most enjoyable for me; I felt I was back in dear old America.

"Please pray hard for me and for my work in this difficult mission."

JAPANESE CONVERSIONS IN BRAZIL

Father Guido del Toro, S.J., writes from San Paulo, Brazil, concerning his work among Japanese immigrants:

"On the occasion of the last solemn baptism in our Church of San Gonzalo, five hundred Japanese were baptized. A thing most consoling to note is that among the new Christians were many well-known business men. These conversions are due in great part to the prayers of the children. The repetition of these solemn functions, far from diminishing, seems to increase enthusiasm, as they are the source of new and consoling emotions. Even those newspapers less favorable to the Catholic cause praise this apostolic endeavor."

The Japanese conversions in Brazil are influencing converts at home.

MEDICAL MISSION DAY

October 18th is the feast of St. Luke, Evangelist. The writer of the third Gospel is also heralded as a physician, and hence, quite fittingly, has been chosen as the special patron of medical missions. All mission-minded Catholics are urged to pray on that day for the success of the work of the CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSION BOARD, and to send material help in money, if possible, to the headquarters at 25 West Broadway, New York.

The Board is organized to help all missions equally, and has done considerable good both in inaugurating a short medical training course for outgoing missionary priests and Sisters, and also in its all year round work of supplying various missions with medical supplies.

The medical kits sent have been instrumental in relieving much sickness and suffering. One missionary reports that seventy people are under instruction because of cures wrought with a dollar's worth of quinine. A missionary Sister writes that the natives will walk a hundred miles for medicines, and that she has baptized thirty-six dying babes in one day through her medical ministrations.

A HOLY CHINESE FAMILY

The mother and brother of Msgr. Joseph Ts'oei, D.D., lately named by the Holy See as Prefect Apostolic of the new territory of Yungnien, Chihli Province, were both victims in the Boxer Rebellion of 1900. The Ts'oei family belonged to the sterling Christian community of Siao-Tien, cared for by the French Jesuits of the Vicariate of Sienshien. When the persecution broke, Madame Ts'oei and her third son, Ignatius, started on foot for the city of Sienshien where her two eldest sons, one now named prefect and the other a Jesuit, were students in the seminary. On the road Boxers halted them, recognized them as Christians and killed the son by the sword before the mother's eyes. A few moments later Madame Ts'oei followed her child. (F. S.)

SIX NEW MISSION TERRITORIES IN CHINA

The Holy See through the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has created six new mission territories in China, thus raising the total in that country to ninety-four, an increase of thirty-one territories during the Pontificate of Pope Pius XI. It is most consoling, and very much according to the present Holy Father's mission program that three of the new territories will be confided to the native clergy.

BELGIUM HONORS MISSIONARIES

Word from Brussels announces that more than fifty missionaries of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (Scheut Fathers) will be honored

by the Colonial Ministry of the Belgian Government for services in the Congo, Central Africa, previous to October 18, 1908, when the country became a Belgian colony. A commemorative medal will be presented to each of the veterans.

The Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary has its Mother House in

Ramshackle Men With Souls

David R. Dunigan, S.J.

IT was too early in the afternoon for even the less languid of the Blacks to be astrid. So the lone rider, who had come out of the jungle, dismounted unassisted before the missionary's hut and made his way weakly to the screened space before the door. Several hours later, Father Raymond, returning from an adjoining village, found a strange horse cropping in the shade of his Shen trees and an excited native telling him in a mixture of English and Ayak of the white man lying on the floor in the mission hut. The priest was out of his saddle and at the door before the native finished. On the floor he recognized a fellow missionary from the Canda Valley. A rapid examination told him two things—the prostrate man was burning with fever and was suffering with a dangerously inflamed leg. Father Raymond at once became Doctor Raymond and late that night was rewarded by the return of his patient to consciousness.

"Father Raymond!" in recognition, "thanks be to God. The fever—I was afraid to stay another night in the open. What of the leg? Is it serious?"

"Serious, but we have it in time. Cheer up! You will be back in Canda before the rainy season. But tell me. What happened?"

The sick man brightened "All in a day's work! The fever came from the bad leg and the bad leg from five weeks in the saddle. But necessary... some stations beyond the Cene not visited in ten months. Ramshackle hills, ramshackle trails, ramshackle huts—but then ramshackle men... with souls. Just... a day's work... Thank you, Father... thank you! ..."

Scheut, Brussels, Belgium. The personnel of the Congregation consists of 505 priests, 162 clerics, and 103 lay-Brothers. On mission fields in China, Africa, and Oceania are 407 priests and 70 Brothers. These are all Belgian or Dutch, with the exception of one American in the Congo. (F. S.)

HELLO! HERE'S INDIA

(Continued from page 197)

"I had an interesting day Sunday. Got up early and was all set by five o'clock to accompany Father Stoy, S.J., on his morning run up country. It was still dark, and we could discern spooky figures shuffling past, swathed in their drapery, coming from I'd-like-to-know-where and heading for parts unknown. We went down dark alleys quietly and out through the more open outlying parts of Bettiah. As it grew lighter, things took shape and by the time dawn arrived I was in a new country. Palms look so 'eastern' and weird against the morning glow of the sun.

"Now on to Docai, about two miles through groves and rice fields and villages, to a little white church at the edge of a palm thicket. The interior of this little church was rough and rather shabby, but I didn't notice this until afterwards, for on entering the rear door the first thing that struck me was a large picture of the Madonna and Child above the altar. For about five minutes I couldn't take my eyes from that picture! It was too dark to see it distinctly, but that only served to intensify the lifelike impression.

"After Mass, I went up and took a close view. But near or farther back one doesn't lose that first impression of reality or presence. The face of that Virgin was beautiful. It resembled no picture of the Madonna and Child I have ever seen, yet it approaches nearest to what I have been always looking for in a picture. The figures are painted on canvas unprotected by a glass or solid frame. The other cloth pieces and pictures in the church, even the stations, have nearly all been ruined by the white ants and the weather. The picture of the Madonna is a bit dusty, but that only serves to soften the original colors which have remained unmarred by exposure. The face of the Virgin is mild and soft with the sweetest yet most indefinable expressions of mixed sadness and kindness. The Child resembles the Virgin somewhat, and is more mature than the popular Infant."

SAM JONES, CATECHIST

(Continued from page 198)

and a true apostle. Sam had gone about like the Master, doing good. He was sacristan of the mission church, taught catechism in the Sunday school, conducted the services on Sunday in the absence of the priest on other missions and visited the sick whom he comforted much by his pious conversations. He exhorted them, too, to renewed trust and confidence in the good God during their long hours of pain and suffering.

Next day, I held the funeral services for my departed catechist. It was a consolation to see the large crowd of friends that had come to pay their tribute to the beloved dead. After the funeral Mass I spoke briefly on the exemplary life of our dead friend. I did not feel the need of many words, for I realized that Sam Jones, by his untiring energy as a catechist, by his persevering labors, his tender charity and his spirit of self-sacrifice, had preached a more powerful sermon than I could possibly deliver over his remains. In his own many little ways, off in this lonely mission station, unknown to the outside world, he had lived the life of a hero for Christ. Earnestly did I plead with the people to storm Heaven with their prayers that others like Sam Jones would grow up in our little "bush" parish to carry on the work so valiantly done by him who had gone home to his loving Master.

THE TURN OF THE HILL

(Continued from page 199)

woods, whose profuse carvings tell mutely of months of patient work.

At the foundry too, one has to see the various articles in the different stages of making to persuade oneself that they are actually produced here. Gold and silver plated chalices, reliquaries, chancel lamps and candelabra of intricate design, ornate crucifixes of inlaid enamel work are among the more artistic articles; just tinkling sanctuary and deep-toned church bells are

cast to be sent throughout the Orient to call the Christians to adore their new-found God. The foundry may look primitive; in fact, it is; but not without reason.

PRINTING establishments are much the same the world over, and the one here has little to distinguish it, unless it be the fact that it is manned by Chinese orphans, and that it prints books in Chinese, French, English and Latin with equal facility. The majority of the Catholic textbooks of the district are printed here, besides the theological and scientific books of the seminary and observatory at Zi-ka-wei, and a goodly number of works on Chinese culture, customs and literature. Besides the lives of the saints, the Gospels and various apologetic works, the press sends out two monthly publications, *The Catholic Review* and the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, all in Chinese.

The department of painting, with that of wood sculpture, is the oldest at the orphanage. Both owe their origin to the humble but gifted lay-Brother, Brother John Ferrer, S.J., the son of the distinguished Spanish sculptor. He had been called to Rome and in that city had completed his education in art. Then, strange to say, he asked to be admitted into the Society of Jesus as a Brother, and to be sent to China. He arrived about 1847 when the orphanage had just been started and was waiting for some one to give it definite external character and purpose. Brother Ferrer visioned to himself the immense good these orphans could do in painting and sculpture, by helping to furnish with necessary religious objects the churches and schools and houses throughout China. And his dreams became happy realities.

THE FILIPINOS WANT TO LEARN

(Continued from page 201)

ings and curricula. These Filipinos want real education and they know the looks of a real school. The Catholic institutions must attract the Filipino children; which means

that they must be equal if not superior to the public and Protestant schools. Even the Government, our American Government, requires this. Just as in the United States definite conditions have been stipulated for governmental recognition of a school, so in the primary and secondary teaching institutions of the Philippines the teaching staff and school facilities and equipment must meet the set standard.

ANY suggestion to put all the Filipino Catholic children into Catholic schools is, of course, beyond practicality. In the country sections wages are next to nothing; moreover, because during the centuries of the Spanish subsidy the people were asked to give nothing to the Church, even those who have the means are not now trained to contribute. The burden of the double tax, therefore, the Catholic school and public school tax, cannot be borne by the Filipinos, and it would be utterly impossible to build modern Catholic schools to take in all the children. Even here in the United States we have only about fifty per cent of our Catholic children in Catholic schools. It might be some solution if, as is done by Great Britain in her missions and by other countries, the Government were to subsidize the Catholic schools. And in view of the fact that the majority of the Filipinos are Catholics there would be nothing incongruous in giving such a subsidy. In lieu of that, however, the soundest policy seems to be to erect as many Catholic schools as is possible from the standpoint of financial and educational expediency, and at the same time to take full advantage of the law enacted by the Philippine Commission, January 21, 1901. (Act No. 74, Sec. 16): "that it shall be lawful for the priest or minister of any church established in the pueblo where a public school is situated, either in person or by a designated teacher of religion, to teach religion for one half an hour three times a week in the school building to those public school pupils whose parents or guardians desire it and express their desire therefor in writing."



"I began to go through all the villages of the coast calling around me by the sound of a bell as many as I could, children and men."—Letter of Francis Xavier.

Please Tell Me, Father—

Are there any native Filipino bishops in the Philippine Islands?

Six of the ten Philippine dioceses are governed by native bishops, the dioceses of Nueva Segovia, Lingayen, Lipa, Nueva Caceres, Cebu and Calbayog. Of the four remaining dioceses, the archdiocese of Manila has an Irish prelate, Msgr. O'Doherty; the diocese of Tuguegarao has a Belgian, Msgr. Jurgens; that of Zamboanga, a Spaniard, Msgr. Clos, S. J., and the diocese of Jaro claims the only American bishop, Msgr. McCloskey, formerly of Philadelphia. Bishop Finnean, S. V. D., is auxiliary bishop of Manila.

Give a summary of the work that is being done among the Indians of this country.

Among the Indians there are at present 150 missions; 336 churches and chapels; 250 priests; 450 Sisters; 75 schools with 6,000 pupils. The missions are the center of Catholic life where every form of mission service is given to the Indians.

Do any of the Spanish priests still remain in the Philippine Islands?

Several hundred Spanish priests are still in the Philippines, many of them engaged in very important priestly work. All but one of the seminaries in the Philippines are taught by Spanish priests, six by Spanish Vincentians, two by Spanish Dominicans, and one by Spanish Jesuits. Most of the parishes in the diocese of Mindanao are entrusted to the Spanish Jesuits. The parishes of the island of Samar are conducted by the Spanish Franciscans, of the island of Palawan by the Spanish Recoletos. In addition, many schools are conducted by Spanish Religious, foremost among these being Santo Tomas University in Manila.

Is the number of Catholic Negroes increasing in the United States?

Yes. In 1906 there were 44,982; in 1916, 51,688; in 1928, 124,324.

Do the Philippine Islands admit union of Church and State?

No more than does the United States, of which the Philippines constitute a colony.

Is there in the United States any organization whose special purpose is to promote the missions in the schools?

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is a mission organization of students to promote mission interest in the various colleges and schools. Every educational institution should have a unit. Where the Sodality exists, the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade can readily constitute its mission section. Some dioceses have their own local student mission organization. Their purpose is always laudable and should be encouraged.

What, if any, is the difference between Propagation of the Faith and Propagation Fide? I see these words frequently in Catholic missionary papers and am puzzled?

The Congregation de Propagation Fide is one of the Congregations or Departments in Rome which assists the Holy Father in Church administration. Its particular sphere of action is the mission fields of the world, all of whose activities and government are supervised usually, not directly by the Pope, but by his Congregation de Propagation Fide.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith is the officially designated mission aid collecting agency for all the Catholic world. It is so designated by the Holy Father himself, and is under the direct supervision of the Congregation de Propagation Fide.

Many needy missions receive considerable help from this Society. One large mission in India, for instance, reported that fifteen per cent of its annual expenses were met by contributions from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. As far as is known, it has not yet been able to help any American missionaries to such a substantial degree.

Will a 1930 edition of the mission map, "My Missions," be produced by the Jesuit Mission Press?

Yes, the American (English) map for 1930 is in preparation. A beautiful French edition is already available.

AND success is coming. The industry of the missionaries is overcoming the obstacles, and their self-sacrifices and labors are winning the parochial schools they pray for. The Monroe Survey (pp. 94, 95) will report: "The educational institutions under the control of the Catholic Church are numerous and widely spread.

. . . Without the taint of profit-making they disclose few of the unpleasant physical aspects of the private adventure schools. On the contrary, they are often found in parts of nunneries and monasteries amid the most pleasant surroundings. The Board advocates an extension of them in similar institutions. . . Almost invariably the secondary schools of the Church are of a higher quality than are the primary. . . The Commission on its visits received a very favorable impression of the work carried on in the (Jesuit) Ateneo. It is one of the best staffed, equipped, and instructed institutions in the Islands. A spirit of alertness characterizes its activities."

It would be a memorable thing if American Catholics took up this great work as an organized apostolate. It certainly is tremendously important, not only because the Philippine Islands constitute an American colony, but because they are at the gateway of the Orient, and are glorious as the only Oriental country that has been brought to the Faith.

IN THE SHADOW OF MT. FUJI

(Continued from page 202)

Historical investigations show that the Imperial Dynasty can not have been founded prior to the fourth century of the Christian era; but it is more in accord with sentiment to think that the Japanese Emperors have ruled in unbroken line since almost the beginning of the world, or, to be exact, since about the sixth century before Christ.

There is probably no nation which has such an esteem for the beautiful as the Japanese has. This esteem may be only a sentimental appreciation, but it is very strong. A Japanese has no definition of

beauty. He only feels it, and he sometimes feels it in the presence of objects that strike us as grotesque. There is no denying that the temples are generally located in spots of wondrous natural beauty; that they are erected in a beautiful style; that they are adorned with wondrous carvings and paintings on wood and ornamented with all the precious metals; but it may be questioned whether the great Buddha of Nara, for example, is beautiful. Imagine a seated figure in bronze, fifty feet high, with a black face of negroid type utterly devoid of expression, placed upon a squat neck, with one hand held perpendicular in front (whether to bless or to discourage entreaty, I know not) and you will have an example of the grotesque that the Japanese proclaim to be beautiful.

THE Catholic Church alone can satisfy the Japanese, but it has never had the chance to do so. If the Catholic Church could come out in all its glory in Japan, Japan would be dazzled and led wonderingly into the true fold. However, this much-to-be-desired result is a long way off. The church buildings will all have to be cathedrals in size and beauty; the hospitals will have to be unrivaled anywhere; the schools and colleges and universities will have to be the best that money can build and will have to be staffed with famous men with a string of degrees after their names. That is the natural outlook. From the supernatural side, God can and does make use of lesser means to work wonders. Fishermen converted Greece and Rome, because the Grace of God was with them. Japan will gradually be brought into the Catholic fold, in spite of the Church's poverty and the calumnies spread abroad against her, because Japan can not always resist the Grace of God.

ANDY UNDERSTANDS

(Continued from page 203)

ON the coarse-grained table beside him is a heap of letters, all opened and read, but one. This he takes up.

"It was your letters," he read, "yes, and I'm sure your humble old

prayers behind them, that brought me to my senses when I was a prodigal fool at college. Oh, Jim! I'll never forget the day your letter reached me up in Maine. But can you ever forgive me, Jim, for saying you weren't cut out for it, and that it wasn't worth while? I know it will please you to learn that Andy, Jr., enters Holy Cross in the Fall. A Catholic college is the only place, Jim." His eyes wander down the page, "and Jim, a check for five hundred, and as much more for the missions."

The priest raised his eyes, and a slow solemn smile lit his kindly face. "Poor Andy," he said, "the same old impulsive boy. But now he understands," he whispered. "Yes, I think Andy understands."

THE AMERICAN JESUITS AS MISSIONARIES

(Continued from page 202)

St. Paul. St. Peter Claver, the man of Cartagena in Colombia, who nursed thousands and baptized tens of thousands of Negro slaves, had such a course. So did Venerable Robert de Nobili, the man who assumed all the social distinction of a Brahmin in India and converted thousands of that caste. So did Blessed Isaac Jogues and the rest of that remarkable band of North American martyrs. Paul of Tarsus, the missionary *par excellence*, and John the Baptist, were thirty or beyond when they started their campaigns for Christ. John had buried himself in the desert from childhood, while Paul, converted at the age of thirty-two, spent nine years catechizing the Palestinian and Syrian Jews. Only at the age of forty-one was he ordained and commissioned to begin apostolic labors destined to be the more arduous and the most fruitful of any in the Church's annals. Finally, Jesus Christ, Himself, spent thirty years in a hidden life and only three years in public.

THIS course of fifteen years is given to every Jesuit, but for those selected for the missions it is sufficiently flexible to meet their special needs. Sometimes those who enter for the missions make their

entire course in the land they are to evangelize. Missionaries for India from the Missouri and Chicago provinces are doing this. In fact, some even make their noviceship in the field, as do many of the Belgian missionaries in India. Moreover, in addition to the ordinary course, large numbers are given specialized courses in astronomy, mathematics or other special sciences, history, languages, philosophy or theology, lasting from two to four years.

To the American Jesuits are imparted these same opportunities for spiritual and educational advancement. Whether in the House of Studies at Woodstock, at Weston, at St. Louis, or at Hilliard or in the novitiates of the various provinces, the service of the Master in His distant vineyards is held up as an ambition and constant inspiration to perfection in sanctity and wisdom. The torch of Ignatius is being passed down to eager American hands ready to bear it on—to obey the command of Loyola—"Go and set the world on fire."

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